

ALONG THE WILD-LAND TRAILS

Wherein is Related How Charley Woolman and Divers Others Came to the Big Woods in Which Were the Haunts of the Deer, and of How They Sojourned There on the Banks of the Namakagon, and of How Charley Killed Two Deer and Broke the Law With One Lone Shot.

BY CHARLES RYAN

Take a cold winter day, a glowing sun, a half dozen veterans of the wild-land trails mix well together, season with cautious questions and, lo—a feast!

Where is the man with fancy so dead that he never dreams of forest paths and the hidden covert of stealthy game. One may search through the pages of history and of science and of philosophy and, one may partake thereof and grow healthy and strong in learning and contentment. But to feast and to grow happy and be satisfied, aye, that is the rub. It is the tale of the wild-land trails that comes up to the mental system and puts to route the malignant case of intellectual dissipation.

Lay aside now for a little while the cares of the day and hearken to a tale of the wild-land trails. Forget the war and the grocer's bills; forget rent and aches and ills; draw the curtain on all of that and gaze out along a snow clad way and on into the silent depths of the big woods. Do all of that and hear the tale of how Charley Woolman broke the law and killed two deer with one shot.

Scene: The forest clad reaches of northern Wisconsin in the month of November, 15 years ago. Cast: C. K. Woolman, Alex. Smith, William O. Jackson, William Stull, one game warden and one greyhound.

The call of the month of November in the northern woods! Year after year that call was heard and was heeded by Charley Woolman and his companions of the wild-land trails. The month of November when winter reaches forth and gives the first real signs of the conquest he has planned—the northern woods where only the fittest survive the winter conquest.

And so it was that when this particular month of November approached there were many conferences between Charley Woolman & Co. and much cleaning of guns and much packing and much forgetting of home ties and all of the time they reasoned thus: "We will not go to Michigan this year where we must needs pay \$25 license money and also much good coin for freight charges. Not at all. We will go to Wisconsin where the license is not known and where venison and baggage are carried gratis on passenger tickets."

Now there are four others who traveled with this party to the forests of Wisconsin, and they, with C. K. Woolman, are the only ones of the company now living. These four were: Judge Lucius Hubbard of South Bend, Mark L. Brummitt, Dan White and Mr. Burchin, all of New Carlisle.

There still remained two days before the hunting season opened when the party of eight arrived at the little station of Cable in Rayfield county, and there it was that they were taken in charge by a sympathetic game warden who straightway laid the plans for their sojourn among the haunts of the deer and the bear.

On the first day after arriving at Cable the game warden took the New Carlisle detachment in charge and piloted them to a camping ground 17 miles north of Cable. On the following day he took Woolman & Co. in charge and, with their bag and baggage (12 pieces of baggage it was) and with his own companion, a magnificent bound, he led them forth on the road to a camping ground eight miles south of Cable.

The road, of course, was only a primitive forest way and the load of baggage was heavy so that there was no exceeding of the speed limit. Tiring of the slow travel, Woolman and Jackson went ahead, with only their shotguns, to see what sport they could have along the way.

There was two inches of snow on the ground, a great white blanket smothering whatever little complaints the big forest might perchance have made against the winter. Here and there interminable rows of tracks, twisting and turning about the bases of the giant beeches, told the story of rabbits in night time revels. Now and then a bird of the winter woods fluttered away among the barren branches, and occasionally the hunters brought down a peasant in his hurried flight to the edge of the forest.

For the first five miles the road led through the hardwood timber and in that distance Woolman and Jackson counted 23 deer tracks crossing the road to one side and the other. Finally, however, the hardwoods gave way to cottonwood and pine and others of the softwood species and then for the last three miles the journey no sign of deer tracks appeared.

The camping place was located by a spring near a giant pine which learned like a watchful sentinel over the waters of the Namakagon. The river at that place was about the width and the depth of the St. Joseph river at South Bend. It was the middle of the afternoon when Stull and Smith and the game warden arrived at the chosen spot with the camp equipment and the work of preparing for the night was begun under way.

But meanwhile Woolman and Jackson had talked the matter over and they had decided that the game warden had used bad judgment in locating the camp at that place far from where the last deer tracks had been

seen. When the game warden arrived at the place the two members of the advance guard were primed for debate. So they collared the warden and argued thus: "Now friend, this is not the place to camp for there is no sign of deer in this place. It would be better therefore that you take us back to the hardwood timber where the deer roam freely through the silent places. We saw the tracks and we know that it is so."

At this the game warden smiled. He slowly filled his pipe, lighted it, puffed contemplatively for a moment or two and then replied: "Boys, it is late and night will be on us before long. I'll tell you what to do. While we are fixing the camp one of you go south for half a mile and the other go north and then come back and report."

This plan was agreed upon and so Charley Woolman started south and Will Jackson started north. Now it so happened that while he rested, Charley had laid his shotgun down by the side of a log and when the others arrived Alex. Smith laid his rifle down by the shotgun. Thus it was that Charley Woolman picked up Smith's rifle as he started forth to reconnoiter.

Holding his course due south by the compass Charley scouted along the river bank. He crossed one runway, beaten smooth by the deer passing to and from the water, and before he had gone more than half a mile from the camp he came to the second runway. By this time he was satisfied that the game warden had chosen well. For a few minutes he gazed about him and planned what he would do when the big hunt started on the morrow. Then he shouldered the rifle and turned to leave.

When Charley tells now about what happened during those next few minutes the intervening 15 years roll from his shoulders quite as readily as Smith's rifle went to his shoulder in that second when he turned to go back to camp.

In that moment of best intentions the wary hunter's eye caught the vision of a doe feeding on the elder bushes not more than 125 yards away. In a flash all the weeks of expectant planning were crystallized into action. Up went the rifle and the bark of it broke savagely on the peace of the Woods.

But quick as the rifle split its death dealing flame it was not so quick as a stately buck which leaped to the protection of the feeding doe. When the sudden apparition of the buck met his gaze the hunter threw the empty shell from the gun and pulled the trigger again. Only the snap of the trigger broke the stillness. Once more and then again Charley pumped the gun and pulled the trigger, and then he knew the gun was empty.

When the rifle barked, the doe had leaped away through the tangled underbrush. As Charley came to the realization that the rifle was empty he saw the doe bound into the air, turn a summersault and drop. Also

he saw the buck go down on his knees among the elder bushes.

Snatching his knife from his belt Charley ran forward toward the buck, but before he could strike, the buck leaped away for several yards and then again went to his knees. The hunter followed, but again, for the second time and for the third time, the buck escaped the knife.

Determined to get his game Charley started on another dash when, behold, there came to his side a dog, the warden's hound, panting and happy and with his jaws and shoulders all smeared with blood. And then Charley knew that the dog had found the doe and that the dog belonged to a game warden and that the game warden represented the law which said that a \$50 fine should be paid for each deer shot out of season.

That hound had an extraordinary thing happen to him then. The man whom he had followed from camp showed him every consideration. He took from his pocket a handkerchief, filled it with snow, and straightway cleaned all of the blood from his jaws and shoulders. And then the man carefully led him back along the path that led to camp.

When, at last, Charley pulled into camp, Jackson had returned from his reconnoitering trip toward the north. The tent was up and a cheerful fire sent its smoke playing among the branches of the sentinel pine. The aroma of flying bacon hung low over the wild-land trail.

And then the hunters all worked together in preparation for the night and as they worked they conversed, and the conversation was this: Game warden—"Well boys, how did you find things?"

Charley Woolman—"I guess we might stay here a few days anyway. It looks better than I thought it would."

Game warden—"Say Woolman,

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whaddya shoot at?" Charley Woolman—"Someone shot across the river."

Alex. Smith—"Don't you know warden, I said that Charley went with my gun and it didn't have a load in it."

Charley Woolman (to himself)—"And the season don't open till tomorrow, I wonder if that buck will be there then."

Game warden (eyeing Charley Woolman and speaking, sotto voce, to Alex. Smith)—"I'd just bet \$10 that fellow killed a deer, but if he did I don't want to know anything about it."

And now as Charley Woolman relates the tale of that one lone shot he sees again the somber winter woods and the wild-land trails leading down to the dark running waters of the Namakagon. He sees the odor of flashing powder and of blazing campfires and of frying bacon. To him it is all as real as yesterday, for that November day 15 years ago.

Well, as to the doe and the buck, the secret came out as the hunters all worked together in preparation for the night. The game warden was so tired that he forgot that the season had not yet opened. The buck was found and was killed. When the buck and the doe were brought into camp it was learned that the lone bullet had passed through the hind quarters of the buck and through the heart of the doe.

And Charley told only the truth to the game warden, for, in fact, "someone shot across the river," but it was not that "someone" who killed the deer.

TO CONTINUE SERVICES.

Announcement was made Saturday that the revival services conducted during the past week at Munson chapel will be continued throughout next week. Clyde B. Winesgar a concert singer of the Avenue Mission, in charge of the services. As a special feature Friday night, Pat Emmons will speak.

"REMEMBER THE HORSES".

During the cold weather give them good food, warm bedding, tight barn, kind treatment, and blanket them when standing outside.

SOUTH BEND HUMANE SOCIETY. Advt.

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Come in tomorrow and see the new Spring models. Try on a few, examine them closely. Their thorough and through goodness will prove you make no mistake when you buy Wooltex garments.

Wooltex Coats\$16.50, \$20.00, \$25.00
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We have planned this display to meet the desires of those who are looking for popular priced merchandise of "Quality Best."

Silk Poplin at \$1

This is the finest quality, proven by the great satisfaction to the wearers of the many hundreds of dresses we have sold in the past five years. 44-in., in 33 shades.

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GOWNS at 98c

—V-neck with yoke of fine embroidery and tucks; neck, front and sleeves trimmed in fine Swiss embroidery. Made of good muslin.

—Another 98c gown of nainsook has simply a tucked yoke; the neck and sleeves trimmed in ribbon-drawn lace and embroidery edged ruffle.

—Gown of nainsook, slipover style, yoke trimmed in shadow lace points deftly inserted; sleeves and shoulders of rows of Val. lace.



COMBINATIONS, 98c

—Soft nainsook, cover trimmed in Val. lace, arranged in medallion effect with embroidery center.

—Of soft longcloth with elaborate trimmings of lace, embroidery and ribbon beading. Drawers in knickerbocker and straight styles trimmed to match.

COMBINATIONS AT \$2.49

—Of sheerest batiste; drawer and cover have medallions of embroidered organdy encircled in Val. lace with three rows lace at top.



DRAWERS, 49c

—Made of good muslin, free from dressing; open and closed styles; straight and circular; fully 15 different styles such as with inset of Swiss embroidery; with just a substantial Swiss embroidery edge and ribbon beading; others with various patterns lace edges. One of fine crepe that requires no ironing, with lace edge.

Drawer: at 19c—of good muslin, deep tucked and hemstitched ruffle.

W. B. Corsets very Special

W. B. No. 1915—A most comfortable corset with the wear-proof elastic gores which give freedom to every movement. A model that is not too extreme; has low bust and medium length hips. With two pair hose supporters. Special, 79c.

\$2.00 W. B. Corsets at \$1.39—for the average figure; low bust, extended hips. Best coutil.



PETTICOATS, at 98c

—Of muslin, flounce of three rows crackly shadow lace, with Val. lace beading down with No. 5 satin ribbon.

—Another has 6 1/2 inch fine Swiss embroidery flounce, ribbon-drawn embroidery beading, dust ruffle.

—A pretty skirt at 98c is made of excellent muslin with Venise lace-effect embroidery and wide ribbon-drawn beading.

—Another has 9-inch lace flounce with ribbon-drawn beading.



CHILDREN'S U'd'rclothes

Misses' Gowns, high neck and long sleeves or slipover styles; embroidery trimmed, for ages 2 to 14 years, each—49c.

Embroidery edged Skirts for misses at 49c and 69c.

Princess Slips, sizes 2 to 14, both embroidery and lace trimmed, made of cambric—98c.

Princess Slips, of longcloth, embroidery and ribbon trimmed; sizes 2 to 8, each—69c.

Out-size White Wear

Gowns at 98c—of nainsook, ribbon drawn embroidery trimmed neck; embroidery trimmed sleeves.

Skirts at 98c—of good cambric, 10-inch Swiss embroidery ruffle.

Skirts at \$1.75—of soft nainsook, 5 rows Val. lace with fine hand-embroidered effect medallions.

Drawers at 75c—of cambric, pretty 2-inch Swiss embroidery ruffle.

Special Purchase Val. Laces, 5c yd.

100 bolts of just the prettiest daintiest patterns in Val. laces. New shadow, Filet, Conventional and floral designs, the various widths. For any and every requirement. Many are laces which would be considered excellent values at 8c and 10c. All are remarkable values, at 5c a yard.



WAISTS at \$1.00

Lingerie Waists of fine voile. One model has vest, collar and cuffs of embroidered scalloped edge organdy. Insertions of embroidered organdy and Val. lace; hemstitched over shoulder, tucked back—\$1.00.

Blouse at \$1.00—of all-over embroidered voile; heavy lace insertion down front; hemstitched collar and cuffs.

China Silk Blouses, blue, pink, green and yellow floral printed; also all white with hemstitched organdy collar and vestee—\$1.00.

Two hours after they were married, Ned Warner gave his wife some money. What happened? See **RUNAWAY JUNE** By George Randolph Chester and find out. Now playing at **LASALLE THEATRE**



WHITE GOODS, new and inexpensive

At 25c—handsome new 36 to 40-inch seed voiles, splash voiles, fancy voiles, checked and striped voiles, cord-stripe organdies and shadow stripe voiles as well as a splendid 40-inch plain white voile.

40-inch Voiles in a new finish and unexcelled qualities, per yard—49c and 75c.

High-grade embroidered Swiss—75c.

38-inch Cord Voile—19c.
40-inch Plain Organdy—49c and 75c.

Long Cloth, 44-inch, yd.—25c.

Long Cloth, 36-inch, bolt of 10 yards for—79c.

40-inch Mercerized Batiste, special—19c.

40-inch French Nainsook, special—22c.

36-inch Nainsook, 10 yards in a pretty box for \$1.75 and \$1.90.